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C. 131.9.7

P E T I T I O N

T O

His G---e the D---e of G --- N.

Non Domus et Fundus—

H O R.

IT was, my Lord, the dextrous Shift,
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. S---t;
But now St. P----'s sawcy Dean,
With Silver Verge, and Surplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* Grace,

In looser Rhyme, to beg a Place;
A Place he got, ye'lyp'd a Stall,
And eke a thousand Pounds with all;
And were he a less witty Writer,
He might, as well, have got a Miter.

Thus I, *The Jonathan* of Cl---er,
In humble Lays, my Thanks to offer,
Approach your G---e, with grateful Heart;
My Thanks and Verse devoid of Art:
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoycing, that, in *Better Times*,
G---N requires my Loyal Rhimes.
Proud! while my *Patron* is *Polite*;
I, likewise, to the *Patriot* write.
Proud! that at once, I can commend,
King *GEORGE's* and the *Muse's* Friend.
Endear'd to *Britain*: And to *Thee*
(Disjoin'd, *Hibernia*, by the Sea)
Endear'd, by twice three anxious Years,
Employ'd in Guardian Toils and Cares;
By Love, by Wisdom, and by Skill,
For he has sav'd *Thee* 'gainst thy will.

But where shall S---r make his Nest,
And lay his wandring Head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent House,
To treat his Friends, and chear his Spouse?
Oh! tack, my Lord, some pretty Cure,
In wholesome Soil, and Æther pure;
The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
In either Angle shady Bowers.
No gay Parterre, with costly Green,
Within the ambient Hedge be seen;
Let Nature, freely, take her Course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force:
No Sheers shall check her sprouting Vigor,
Nor shape the Yews to antick Figure.
A limpid Brook shall *Trout's* supply
In *May*, to take the mimic Flie;
Round a small Orchard may it run,
Whose *Apples* redden to the Sun:
Let all be Snug and warm and neat,
For *Fifty*, turn'd, a fit retreat:
A little *EUSTON* may it be,
EUSTON I'll carve on every Tree.

But then, to keep it in repair,
My Lord—Twice fifty Pounds a Year
Will barely do, but if your G---e
Could make them *Hundreds*,—Charming Place!
Thou then would'st shew another Face.

Cl---er! far North, my Lord, it lies,
'Midst snowy Hills, inclement Skies.
One thivers with the *Artick* Wind,
One hears the *Polar Axis* grind.
Good *JOHN* indeed with Beef and Claret,
Makes the Place warm, that one may bear it;
He has a Purse to keep a Table,
And eke a Soul as hospitable:
My Heart is good, but Assets fail,
To fight with Storms of Snow and Hail;
Besides the Country's thin of People,
Who seldom meet but at the Steeple:
The strapping Dean that's gone to D---n,
Ne'er nam'd the Thing without a Frown:
When much fatigued with Sermon-Studdy,
He felt his Brain grow dull and muddy,
No fit Companion could be found,
To push the lazy Bottle round:
Sure then, for Want of better Folks,
To pledge his *Clerk* was Orthodox.

Ah! how unlike to *Gerard-street*,
Where Beaus and Belles in Parties meet;
Where gilded Chairs and Coaches throng,
And jostle, as they trowl along,
Where Tea and Coffee hourly flow;
And Gape-seed does, in Plenty, grow;
And Griz (no Clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, *Hot Mutton Pyes*:
There Lady *Luna*, in her Sphere,
Once shone, when *Paunceforth* was not near,
But now she wains, and as 'tis said
Keeps sober Hours, and goes to Bed.
There—But 'tis endless to write down,
All the Amusements of the Town.
And Spouse will think herself, quite, undone,
To trudge to Cl---er, from sweet *London*;
And Care we must our Wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at Ease.

You see my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only some convenient Tack,
Some Parsonage House, with Garden sweet,
To be my late, my last Retreat;
A decent Church close by its Side,
There, preaching, praying, to *Reside*,
And, as my Time securely rolls,
To save my own, and others Souls.